



and

# THE AVENGER

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COMICS  
CODE



AUTHORITY

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NO.4







WEB COMIC  
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# PIMPLES

## dry up in 3 days

### OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

At last science has discovered a fast, harmless way to clear your skin of those horrible pimples, blackheads and acne spots. This is an entirely new, greaseless cream that contains powerful A and D vitamins. It works fast by drying out the superfluous skin oils pimples feed on... at the same time counteracts by antiseptic action, the growth of bacteria that cause and spread ugly skin blemishes.

#### IMPROVE YOUR APPEARANCE WITH FIRST APPLICATION

You look better the minute you apply wonder-working CLEAR-X, because its amazing skin color hides the blemishes while its medicinal action gets to work clearing them up fast. You don't risk a penny. Get CLEAR-X by sending in the coupon now; use it for 3 days, and if your skin troubles are not definitely improved, you pay nothing

#### READER'S DIGEST

reports amazing results from the CLEAR-X type of treatment. Experiments by a great medical college on 100 men, women and young people showed improvements in every case.



#### LOVE CAN BE YOURS AGAIN!

You can't blame him (or her) for not wanting to kiss you if your skin is oily, defaced with ugly pimples, blackheads and acne spots. Give yourself a break! CLEAR-X will clear your skin like magic!

**FREE IF YOU  
ACT NOW!**

A \$3.00 jar of CLEAR-X medicated soap to help CLEAR-X work even faster with double action. That's a \$6.00 value for just \$2.98.

#### MAIL COUPON NOW and be happy

CLEAR-X Products, Dept. A 4  
270 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Send me at once the marvelous new CLEAR-X formulation as per your money-back guarantee.

- ☐ I enclose \$2.98. Send postpaid. (I save .55 mail charges.)  
☐ Send C.O.D., I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus C.O.D. charges.

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CITY  ZONE  STATE

- ☐ I enclose \$6. Rush triple size. (I save \$3.)  
Foreign and APO's—No COD's

# THE AVENGER

A WILD STORM RAGING AT SEA, AND A GIRL ON A WAVE-TOSSED CABIN CRUISER! THE AVENGER, HOVERING ABOVE IN THE STARJET REACHING DOWN TO SNATCH HER TO SAFETY, UNAWARE THAT THIS SIMPLE RESCUE IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF A STRANGE DRAMA THAT IS TO WRITE ITSELF OUT WITH THE ARRIVAL OF—

THE INVADER FROM THE SEA

AVENGER—  
SAVE ME!

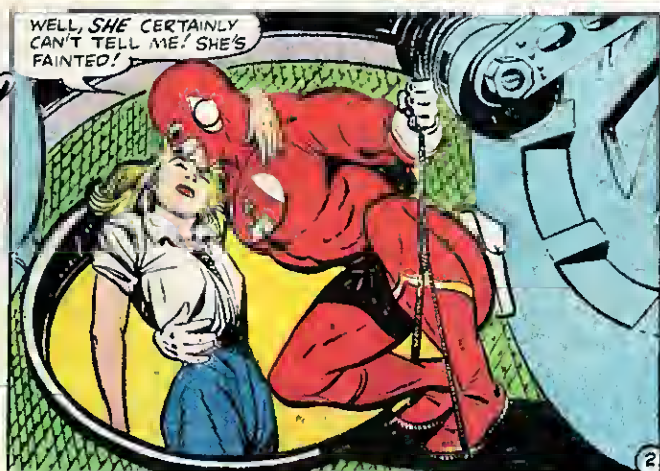
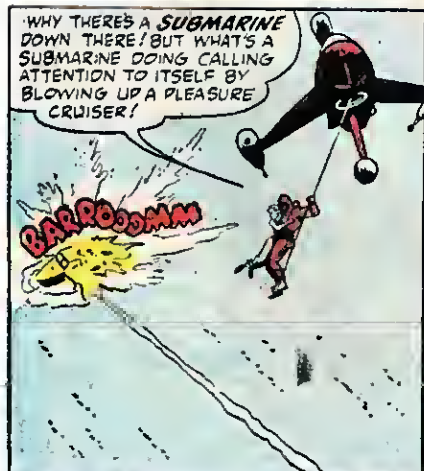
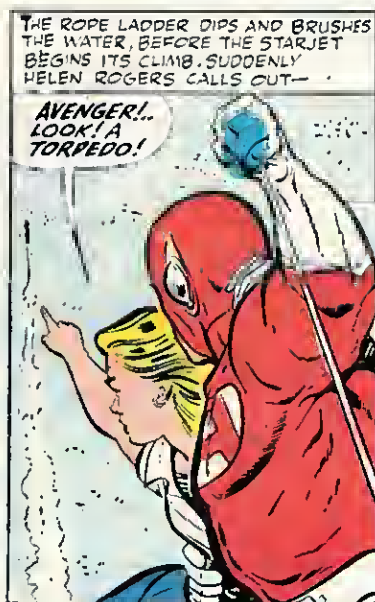
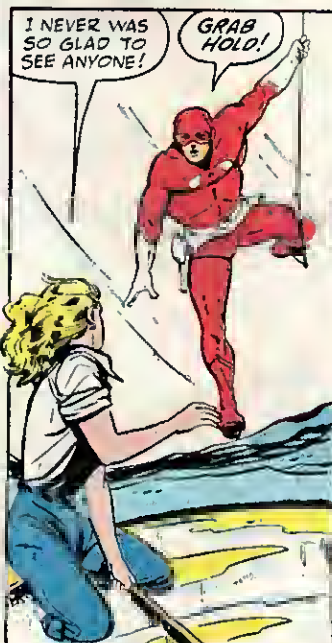
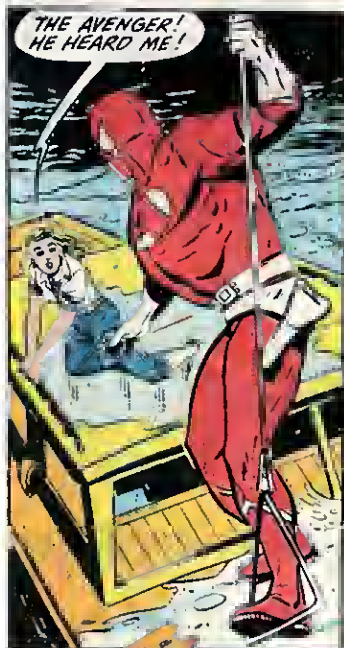
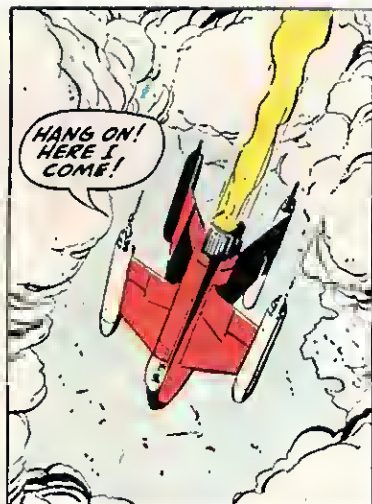
AS RAIN SLASHES WETLY ACROSS THE GLASS PANELS OF THE CRUISER CABIN WINDOWS, HELEN ROGERS SIGNALS FOR HELP—

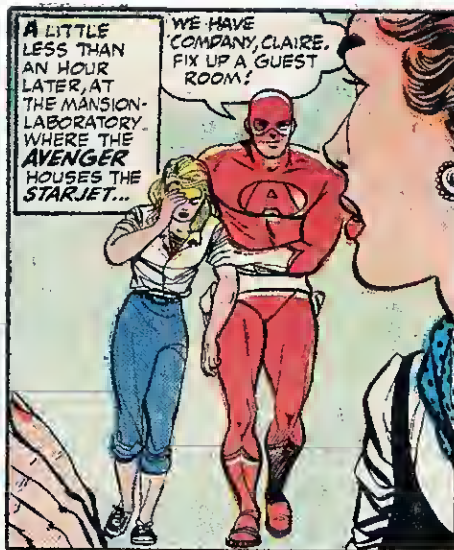
CRUISER ATHENA IN DISTRESS! NEED HELP! NEED HELP! CAN YOU HEAR ME, ANYONE?

HURKING IN THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN NOT FAR FROM THE LITTLE BOAT IS A GRIM BLACK SUBMARINE...

Powell







A LITTLE LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, AT THE MANSION-LABORATORY WHERE THE AVENGER HOUSES THE STARJET...

WE HAVE COMPANY, CLAIRE. FIX UP A GUEST ROOM!

THIS PILL WILL LET HER GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT BY MORNING. I WOULDN'T ASK HER ANY QUESTIONS RIGHT NOW.

WHATEVER YOU SAY... JUST SEE THAT SHE'S TAKEN CARE OF.

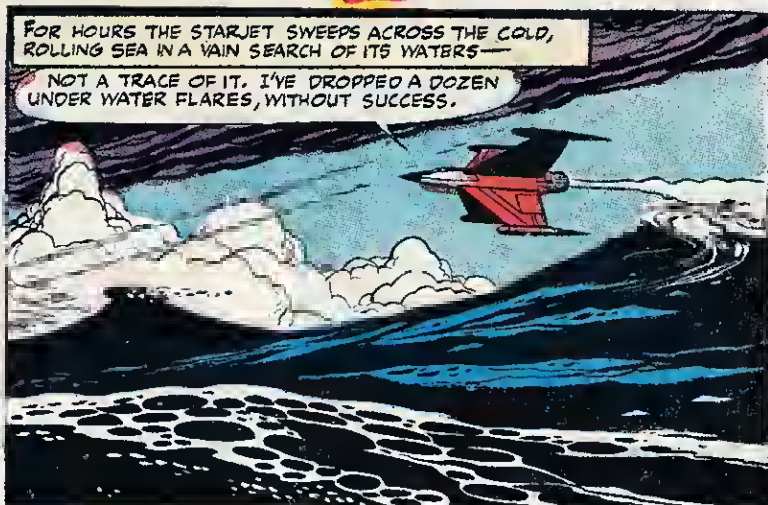
UNSEEN BY CLAIRE FARROW OR THE AVENGER, HELEN ROGERS SLYLY PALMS THE SLEEPING TABLET, AND DRINKS ONLY THE WATER—

YOU'LL SLEEP NOW. IN THE MORNING YOU'LL BE YOUR OLD SELF AGAIN.



I'M GOING BACK AFTER THAT SUBMARINE. I MUST KNOW WHAT ITS DOING—WHERE IT COMES FROM—WHY IT FIRED ON THE CABIN CRUISER!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING HERE.

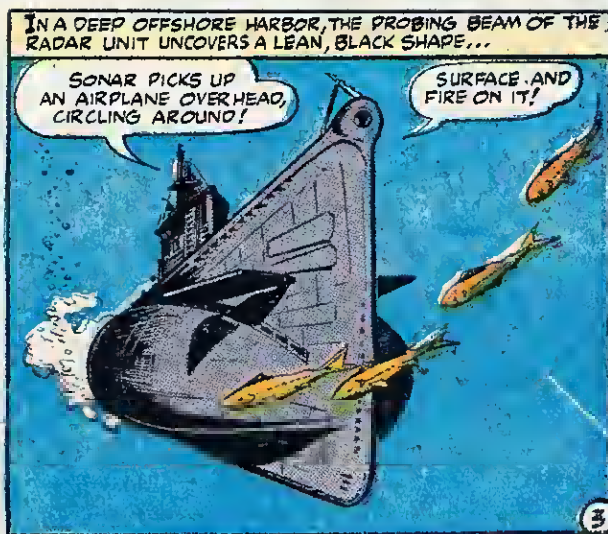


FOR HOURS THE STARJET SWEEPS ACROSS THE COLD, ROLLING SEA IN A VAIN SEARCH OF ITS WATERS—

NOT A TRACE OF IT. I'VE DROPPED A DOZEN UNDER WATER FLARES, WITHOUT SUCCESS.



IT MUST BE FAR OUT TO SEA BY NOW, OR ELSE IT'S SHELTERED IN AN INLAND COVE. I'LL MAKE ONE MORE PASS, OVER THOSE INLAND WATERS...



IN A DEEP OFFSHORE HARBOR, THE PROBING BEAM OF THE RADAR UNIT UNCOVERS A LEAN, BLACK SHAPE...

SONAR PICKS UP AN AIRPLANE OVERHEAD, CIRCLING AROUND!

SURFACE—AND FIRE ON IT!



AS THE SUBMARINE RISES, THE STARJET SWOOPS TO MEET IT..

GOT TO SILENCE THEIR DECK GUN. OTHERWISE, THE STARJET IS A DEAD DUCK!

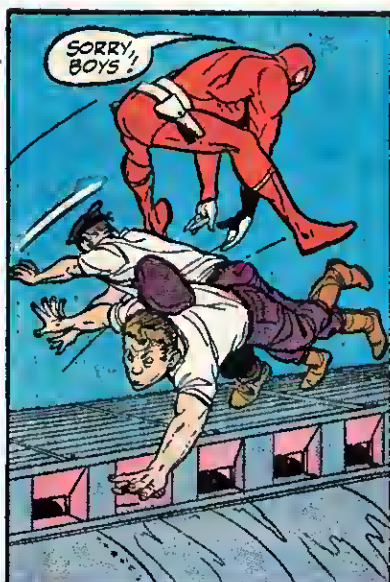


TWO SEAMEN RUSH TO MEET HIM—

LOOKS AS IF THEY DON'T WANT ME TO SPIKE THEIR GUN!



SORRY, BOYS!



IN THE CONTROL ROOM, A VOICE ROARS AN ORDER...

CLOSE HATCH! THEN TAKE HER DOWN!

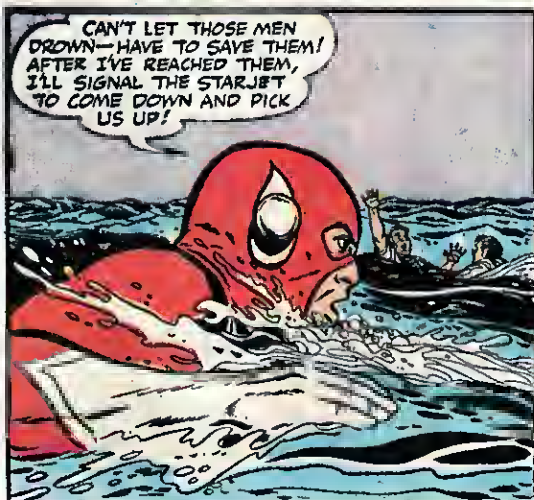


THE COLD WATERS OF THE SEA CLOSE AROUND THE AVENGER..

I SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED SOME MOVE LIKE THAT—BUT I DON'T THINK THEY'D ABANDON TWO OF THEIR OWN MEN!



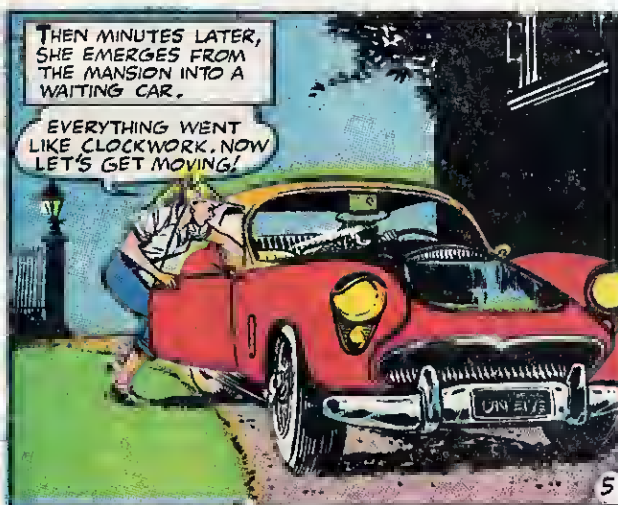
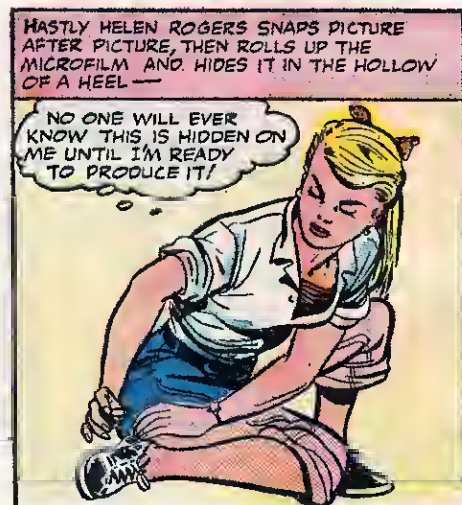
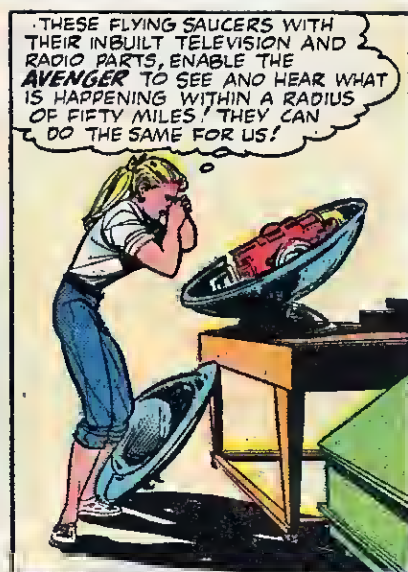
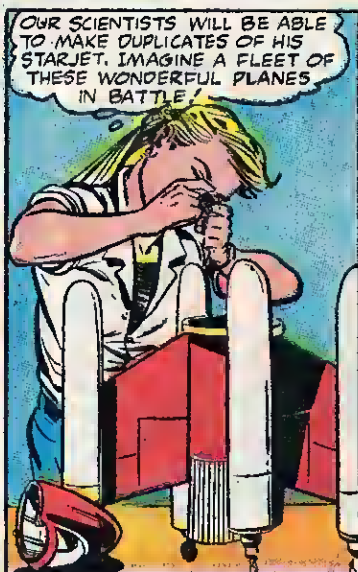
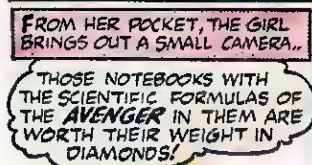
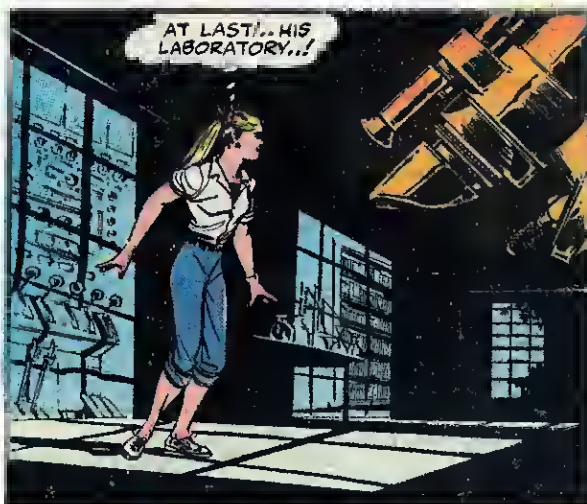
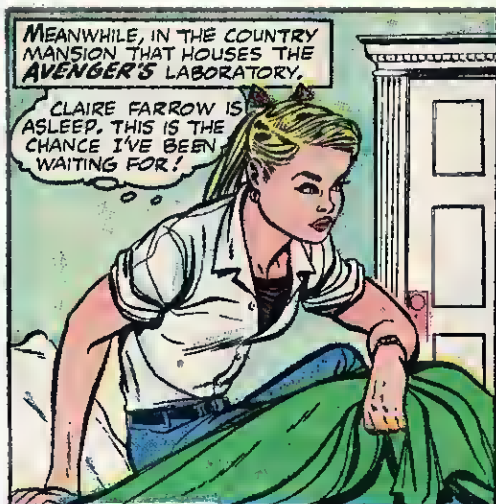
CAN'T LET THOSE MEN DROWN—HAVE TO SAVE THEM! AFTER I'VE REACHED THEM, I'LL SIGNAL THE STARJET TO COME DOWN AND PICK US UP!



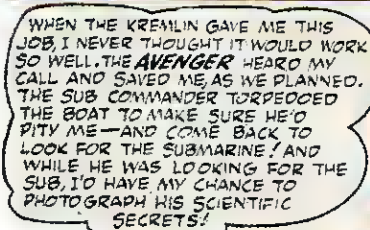
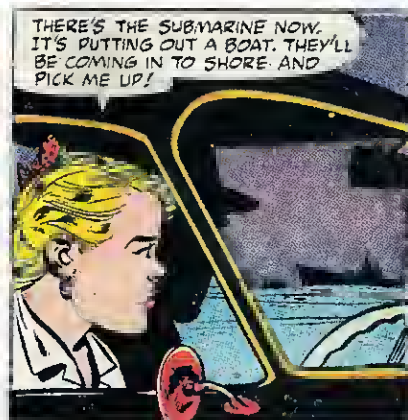
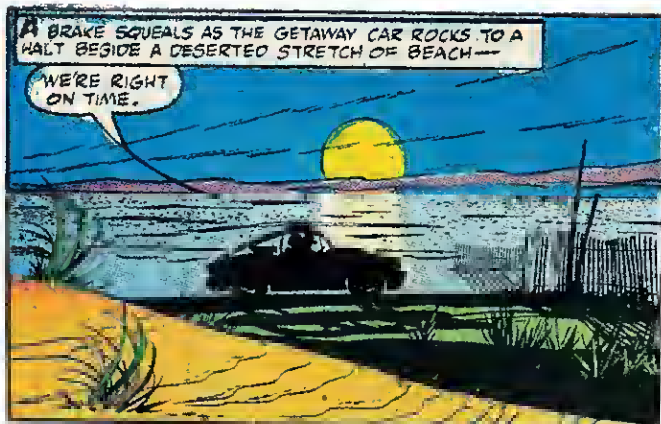
BUT FINGERS NUMBED BY FREEZING WATERS ARE INCAPABLE OF FUNCTIONING!

I CAN'T MOVE MY FINGERS, AND UNLESS I MOVE MY FINGERS I CAN'T OPERATE THE CONTROL UNITS OF MY BELT!





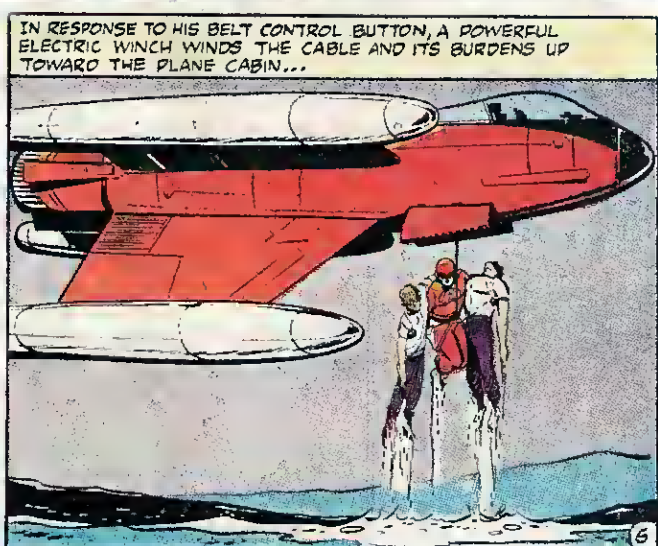




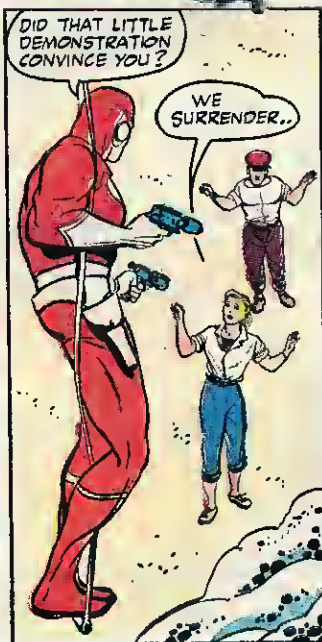
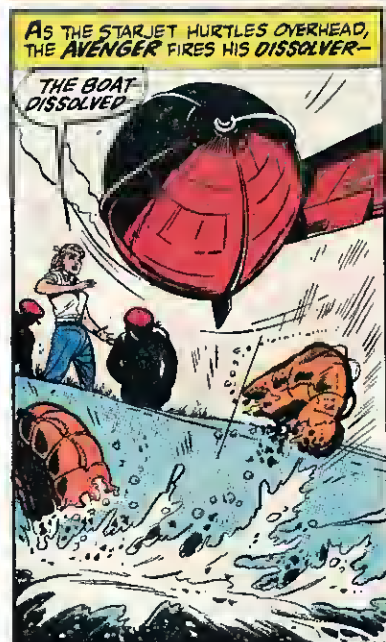
AS THE COLD PARALYZES HIS MUSCLES, THE AVENGER FUMBLES FRANTICALLY AT HIS BELT.



NOW WITH MY HANDS OUT OF THE WATER I CAN RUB THEM TOGETHER AND RESTORE CIRCULATION! THEN I CAN SIGNAL THE STARJET AND HAVE THE AUTOMATIC CONTROLS BRING IT DOWN TO PICK ME UP.



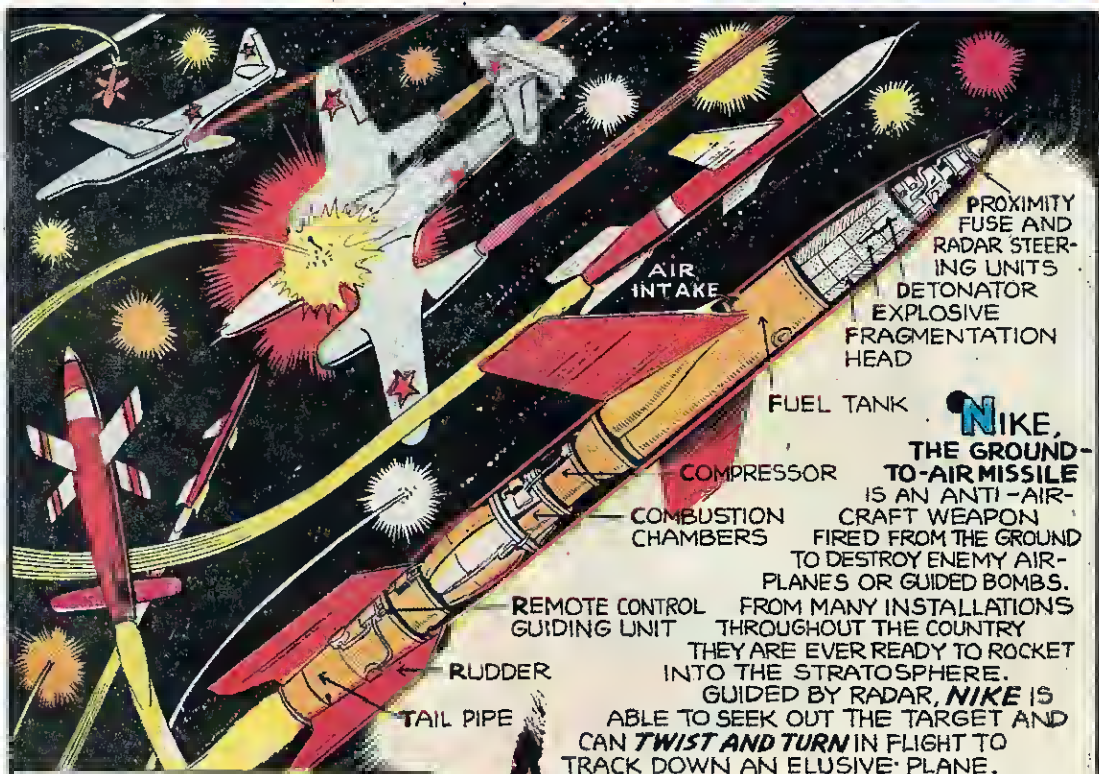




The End



# NIKE THE GROUND-TO-AIR MISSILE



## NIKE, THE GROUND-TO-AIR MISSILE

IS AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT WEAPON FIRED FROM THE GROUND TO DESTROY ENEMY AIRPLANES OR GUIDED BOMBS.

FROM MANY INSTALLATIONS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY THEY ARE EVER READY TO ROCKET INTO THE STRATOSPHERE.

GUIDED BY RADAR, **NIKE** IS ABLE TO SEEK OUT THE TARGET AND CAN **TWIST AND TURN** IN FLIGHT TO TRACK DOWN AN ELUSIVE PLANE.

**T**HERE ARE THREE OTHER BASIC TYPES OF GUIDED MISSILES AND ALL HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON—THEY ARE NOT AIMED LIKE A BULLET OR ARTILLERY SHELL. THEY **HUNT** THEIR OWN TARGETS AND HIT THEM. POWERED BY LIQUID-FUELED ROCKET ENGINES OR BY JET ENGINES. THEY ARE GUIDED BY RADAR, RADIO, OR TELEVISION.

**AIR-TO-AIR MISSILES** ARE LAUNCHED FROM PLANES AND AIMED AT OTHER PLANES...

...AND CAN FOLLOW THE TARGET AND HIT IT NO MATTER HOW IT TRIES TO GET AWAY.

**GROUND-TO-GROUND MISSILES** ARE LONG RANGE ROCKETS LIKE THE **WAC CORPORAL**. SOME WEIGH OVER 15 TONS AND REACH A SPEED OF 3,500 MILES PER HOUR IN THEIR CLIMB BEYOND THE STRATOSPHERE.

**AIR-TO-GROUND MISSILES** ARE REALLY GUIDED BOMBS THAT AUTOMATICALLY SEEK OUT TARGETS. THEIR RADAR CAN **SMELL** A STEEL SHIP OR A FACTORY AREA.

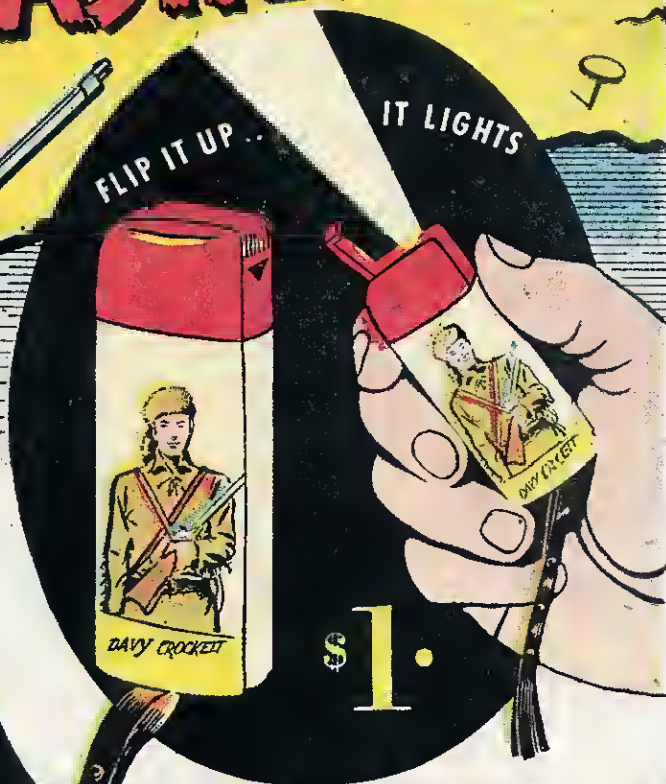


# DAVY CROCKETT FLASHLIGHT



Complete with genuine  
**DURA-SUEDE**  
**BELT LOOP**

Double-barrelled, super-powered 2 cell  
Davy Crockett flashlight... with red top  
that glows when light is on!  
Solid steel case, Ivory finish, with 2  
color Davy Crockett illustration.



COMPIX, Inc. Dept. A.4  
10 Murray St. New York 7, N.Y.

HERE'S MY DOLLAR!

Rush my DAVY CROCKETT FLASHLIGHT.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

NO COD'S



# FILM THE AVENGER

TRAPPED ON A GIANT PINBALL MACHINE BOARD! LOOKS AS IF THE PLAYER WILL WIN HIS GAME!

THREE MEN ARE TRAVELLING BY OCEAN LINER, BY CRACK TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED, AND BY GIANT CONSTELLATION PLANE TO EMPIRE CITY. ONE OF THESE MEN IS A CHAMPION BOWLER, ANOTHER IS THE FINEST BRIDGE PLAYER IN THE WORLD, AND THE THIRD IS A RENOWNED CHESS WIZARD. THEY ARE BOUND FOR A STONE HOUSE IN EMPIRE CITY—TO MEET THE PLAYER—WHO IS PREPARING A LURE FOR THE AVENGER! A DEADLY GAME IN WHICH ONLY ONE OF THEM CAN WIN OUT AGAINST—

## THE PLAYTIME PERILS!

Powerhouse

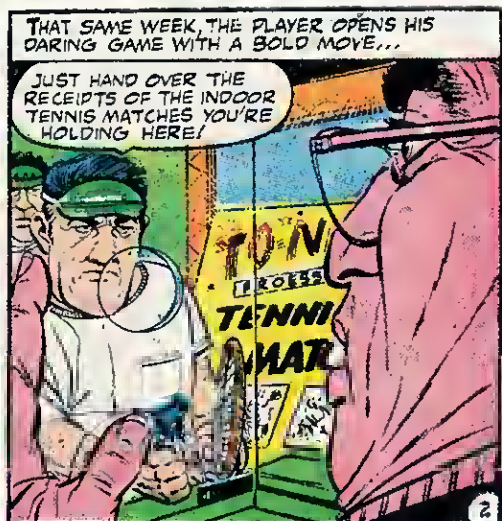
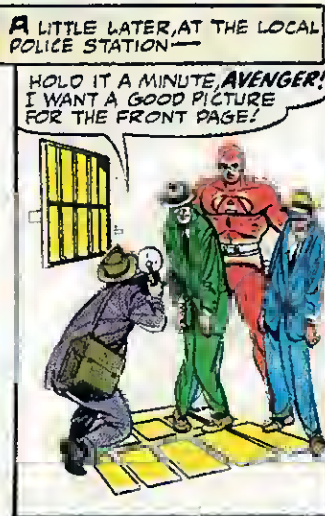
IN ONE OF THE HUNDRED ROOMS IN HIS GREAT STONE HOUSE IN EMPIRE CITY, THE PLAYER CRIES OUT TRIUMPHANTLY—

I WIN!

I'M THE WORLD'S CHAMPION TABLE-TENNIS PLAYER—BUT YOU BEAT ME EASILY!

I CAN BEAT ANY MAN ALIVE AT ANY GAME HE PLAYS! FOR YEARS I'VE DEVOTED MYSELF TO SPORTS AND GAMES. I'VE BECOME AN EXPERT AT EVERYTHING—AND SO THERE'S NOTHING LEFT, IF ONLY THERE WERE SOMEONE—SOMEWHERE—WHO COULD BEAT ME AT SOMETHING..!

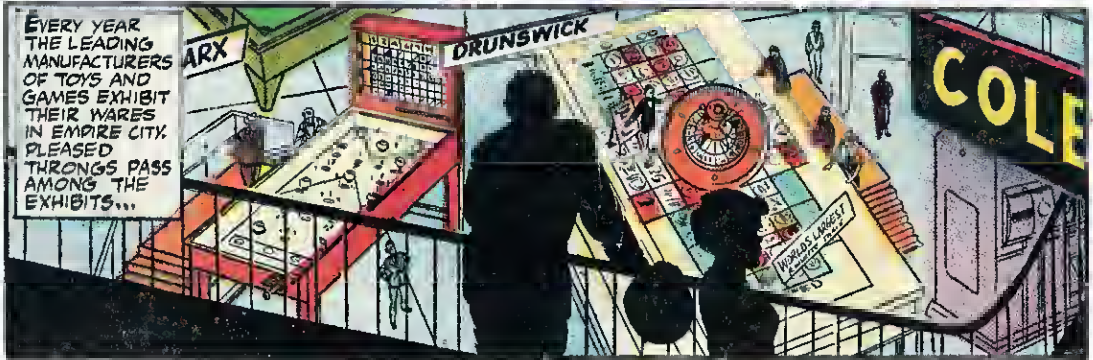




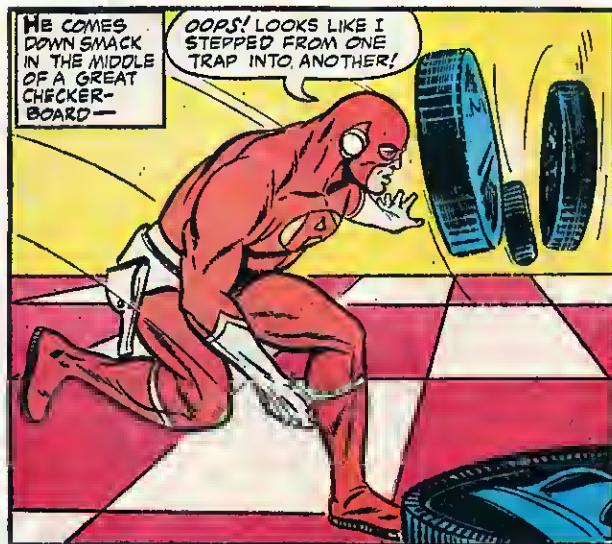
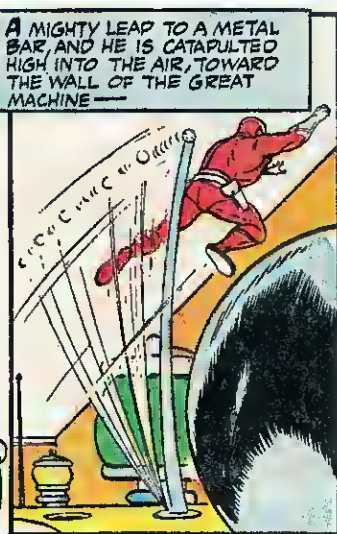
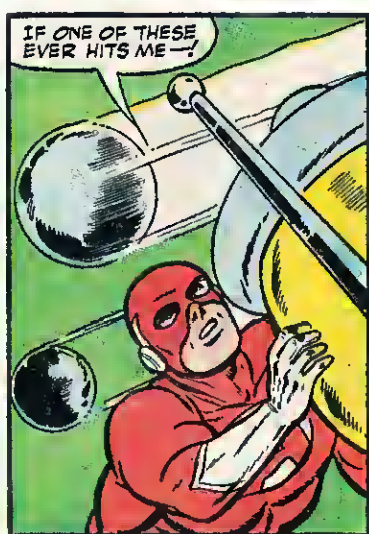
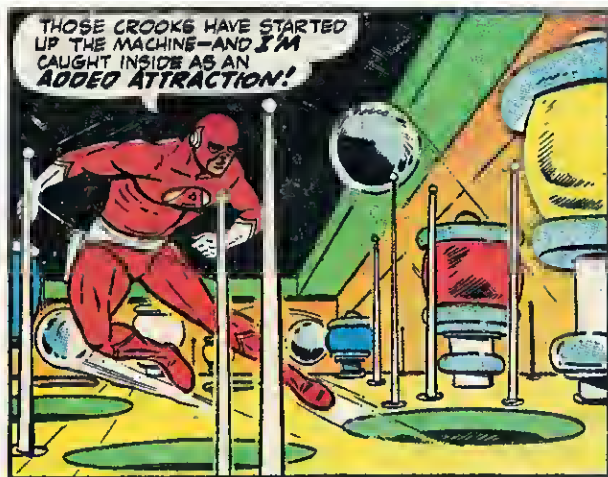
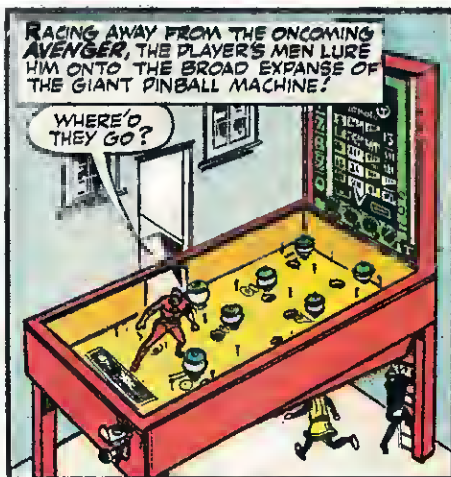


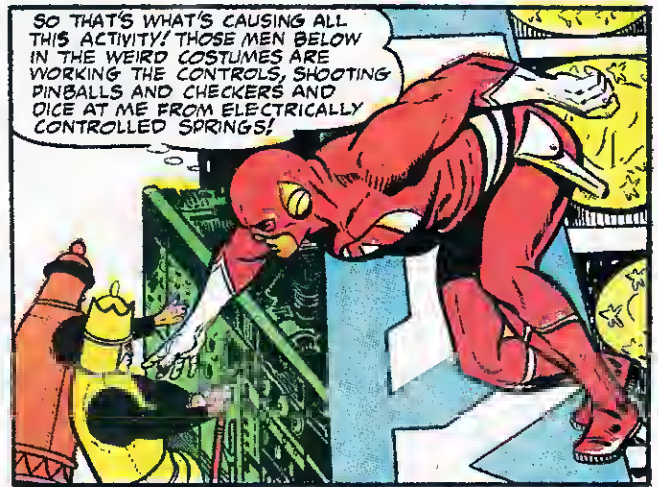
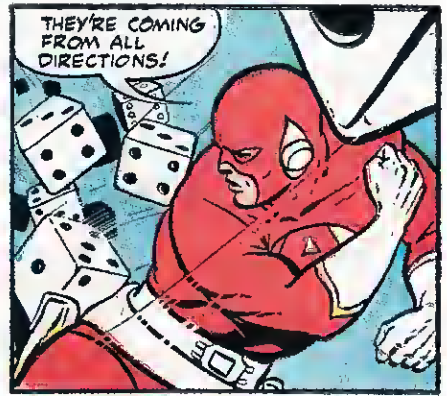
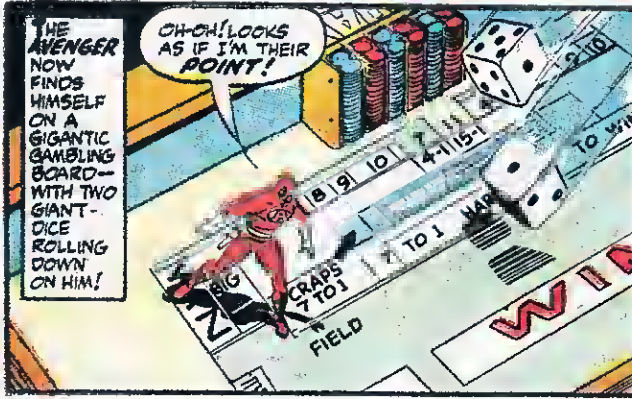


AGAIN AND AGAIN THE PLAYER STRIKES! FINALLY CHIEF OF POLICE ADAMS CALLS IN HIRAM WRIGHT, NEXT DAY, THE AVENGER (WHO IS ROGER WRIGHT, NEPHEW OF THE INDUSTRIAL MAGNATE, HIRAM WRIGHT) APPEARS AT HEAD-QUARTERS.

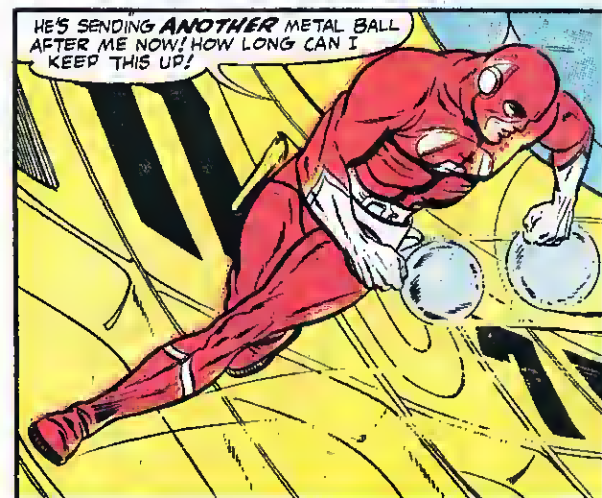
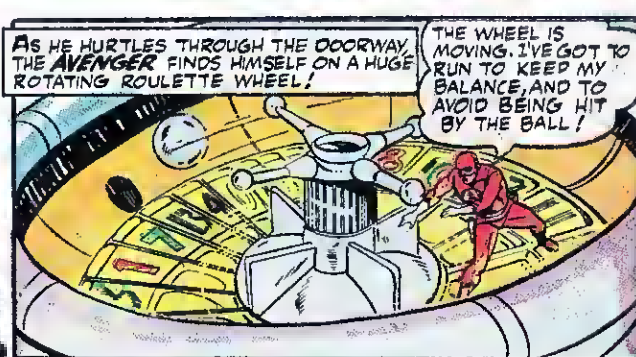
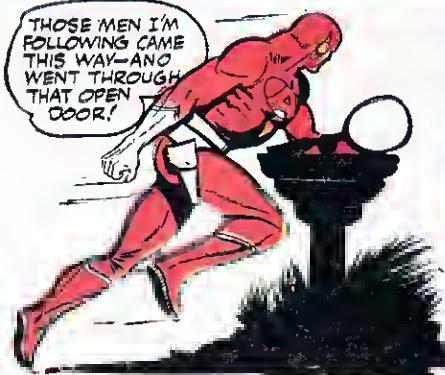
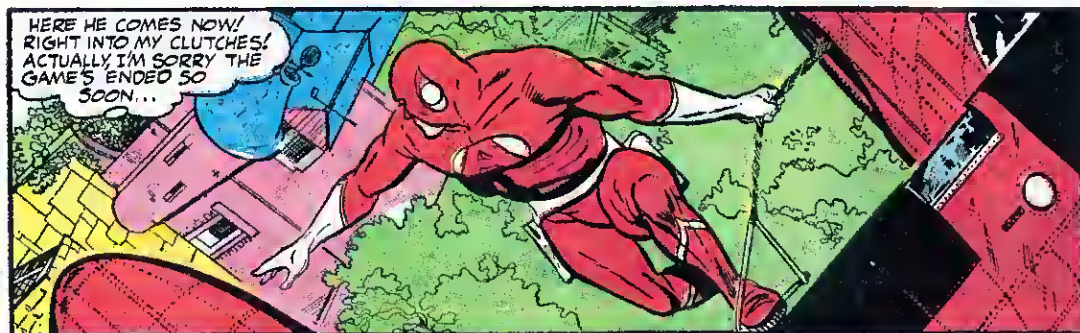
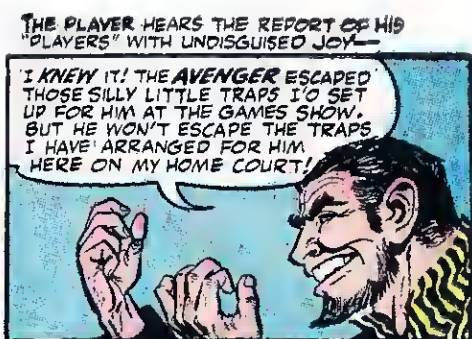
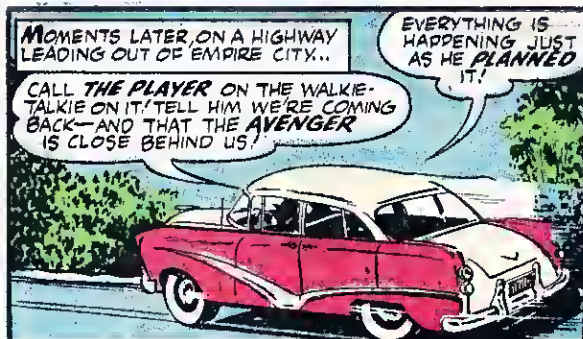


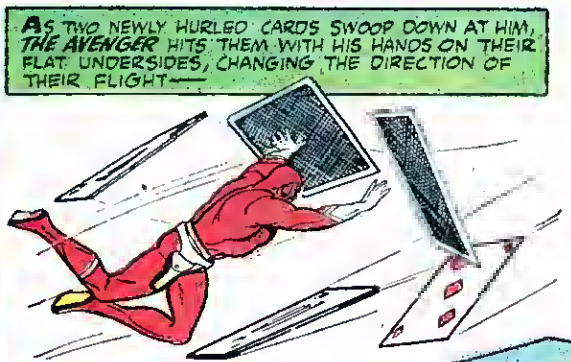
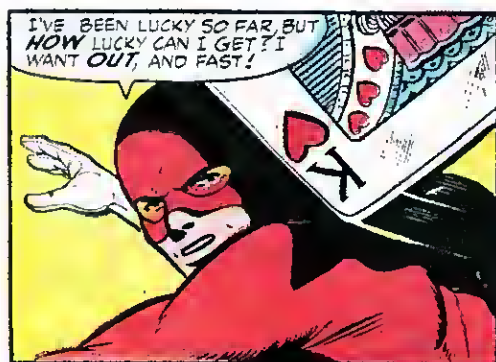
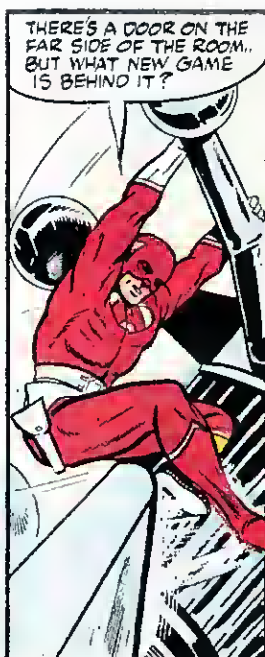










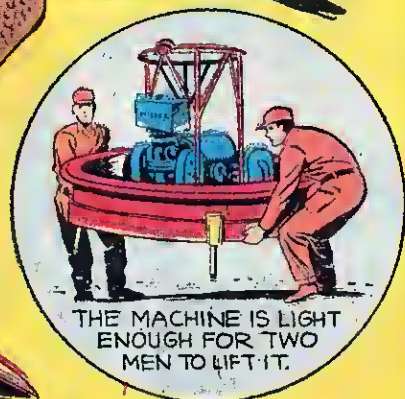






# FLYING FANS

**T**HE FIRST **FLYING FAN** WAS BUILT RECENTLY FOR THE NAVY BY THE HILLER HELICOPTER PLANT IN CALIFORNIA. A NEW KIND OF FLYING MACHINE, IT HOVERS, CLIMBS, AND DARTS SIDWAYS AS THE PILOT TILTS THE PLATFORM. WHIRLING BLADES, ROTATING INSIDE THE RIM, LIKE GIANT FANS, FORM A STRONG DOWN DRAFT THAT PUSHES THE MACHINE INTO THE AIR.



THE MACHINE IS LIGHT ENOUGH FOR TWO MEN TO LIFT IT.

**T**HE POSSIBLE MILITARY AND CIVILIAN USES OF FLYING FANS IS ALMOST LIMITLESS AS IT CAN BE ADAPTED FOR AIR-SEA-RESCUE, PHOTO RECONNAISSANCE, TRAFFIC CONTROL AND POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENT EMERGENCIES.

**S**INCE RADAR RANGE IS LIMITED TO THE CURVATURE OF THE EARTH, A MORE SPECIALIZED AIR DEFENSE USE WOULD BE TO EXTEND ITS RANGE BY CARRYING RADAR SCANNING DISKS TO HIGH ALTITUDES.



FRED GUARDINEER





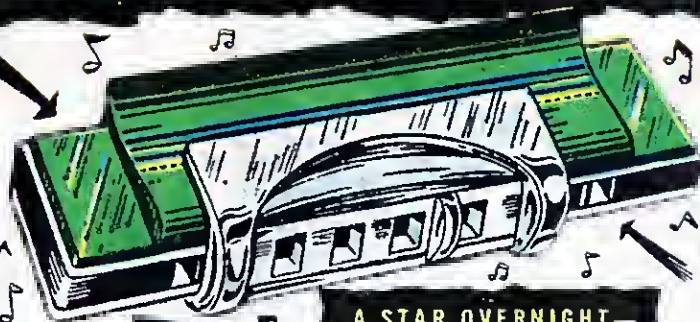


Radio's Super-Special HARMONICA STAR Cowboy TIM CALHOUN, who teaches harmonica like he plays it but GOOD! That's why all the girls say "Stick with Tim, and be the life of the party!"

# Start to **play Real MUSIC** ON THE **HARMONICA** in 15 Minutes Flat!

**RICH CHORDS AND TRICKIEST TUNES A SNAP WITH NEW SLIDING NOTE FINDER AND HARMONICA!**

AT LAST, a way to get hep to being a real harmonica maestro easier than ever before! Big Tim's wonderful "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" Harmonica helps you to pick your notes . . . add your chords . . . do all the hardest things easier . . . so you can start taking bows in practically no time! Fun? . . . and how! Read the exciting details below!



**A STAR OVERNIGHT— THAT'S YOU!**

See this Note Finder! You slide it back and forth, pick out your note, add your chords! That's All!



They'll Sing With You



Play For Dancing

ONLY \$1

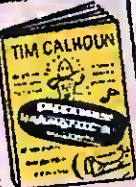
Honest, Pal, you don't know what real fun is 'til you get "Harmonica hot" the exciting Tim Calhoun way! Boy oh Boy! Watch the gang gather when you swing those cowboy favorites! Hear 'em whistle and sing as you roll into "Oh Susanna!" And will you have to run when the girls swoon over your ballads. At dances, hikes, picnics, beach parties . . . who's Mr. Popularity? Nobody but you!

**START TO PLAY RIGHT AWAY with SLIDING NOTE FINDER!**

**LOOK! FREE!**

**TIM'S NEW, ALL-PICTURE SPEED COURSE!**

YOU LEARN LATEST RHYTHM ROPES whizzing through Tim's exciting Speed Course! You don't even have to read a note of music. You just whiz along with plain-as-music. You just whiz along with plain-as-music. Then in minutes you're whizzing through harmonica music that makes super-swell listening. Speed Course gives you music words and works for 38 of your all-time favorites like — Yankee Doodle, Old Black Joe, Oh My Little Darling, For He's A Jolly Good Fellow, Home Sweet Home, Reuben Reuben, Comin' Thru' The Rye, Pop Goes The Weasel— and 30 MORE!



Star At Outings

You name it! Be-bop, swing, hillbilly, waltzes, mambo, jive—with Tim's SLIDING NOTE FINDER you actually pick out the right notes at once. Instead of worrying about ten openings, you actually select the right one, with your SLIDING NOTE FINDER. You can play melodies right away . . . then add the right chords almost automatically . . . first thing you know you're playing wonderful music, just like Tim.

**GRAB TIM'S "NO RISK" OFFER TODAY**

When your pal Tim says "No Risk", he means just that. So treat yourself to this amazing deal today. If you don't start to play real tunes right away, just shoot the SLIDING NOTE FINDER HARMONICA for refund! Hurry, while the supply lasts!

**— RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY! —**

**TIM CALHOUN,** Dept. 64  
151 West 19th St., New York 11, N. Y.

**OKAY TIM!** Here's \$1.00. Shoot me my SLIDING NOTE FINDER HARMONICA, plus FREE Rapid COURSE and dope on harmonica tricks. If I'm not delighted, I may return the Harmonica in 5 days and get my \$1.00 back..

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**Plus FREE DOPE ON HARMONICA TRICKS**

Want to imitate a train coming in? Scare all the girls with hair-raising "Ghost Noises"? It's EASY with Tim wising you up on these and lots more professional harmonica tricks!

**SNAP UP TIM'S "NO RISK" OFFER NOW!**

# STORM SIGNALS

THE COAST GUARDMEN on Desolation Island had been watching the barometer all day. It was falling steadily. Bos'n Jim Reeves, scanning the swirling waters below the lookout tower with his binoculars, turned as he heard Seaman Paul Weber tapping the glass again. "What's the reading?" he asked tersely.

"Still dropping," Paul said. "Down to 29.92 now. It was 29.95 a half hour ago," he reminded the bos'n. "See any boats down there?"

"Just a sailboat," Jim replied. "Tacking along under full sail too. What's the wind velocity?"

"About Force 7 now, I reckon," Paul said as he joined the bos'n at the window. "Those fellows better reef in their sails soon or they'll be in trouble," he continued uneasily as he noticed the small catboat heel over sharply in the wind. "Can you make out the name of the boat?"

"The *White Sails*," Jim replied promptly. "Know the owner by any chance?"

Paul thought for a moment. "Why sure!" he exclaimed excitedly. "That's Bud Andrews' boat. He usually sails with Ted Stevens. Bet those boys know these waters better'n we do," he added warmly. "No need to worry about those two."

"Just as you say," Jim retorted resolutely. "Just hope they noticed the storm warning flag though. This is going to be a mean squall."

The men watched the sailboat until it disappeared from sight as it rounded the Island.

\* \* \*

The full force of the wind ripping across the open sea slammed the *White Sails* with a vicious blow as the boys sailed past the Island.

"Hey Ted," Bud called, as he gripped the tiller hard to steady the boat. "Did you notice if the storm signals were up as we passed the Coast Guard Station?"

"No I didn't," Ted yelled back from his position near the mast. "What do you think?

Should I reef in the sails yet or not?"

"I think they'll be O.K. for awhile," Bud called back. "But we're in for a storm though. Look at the sky."

As he spoke, Ted noticed that ugly black clouds, split by jagged gashes of lightning, were boiling up over the horizon. The seas were increasing with long rolling swells and the wind whined in the rigging. As they raced across the water, the boat was getting more and more difficult to handle.

"Trim the sails!" Bud shouted finally. The boat heeled dangerously. "Reef those sails in!" he roared the second time.

"I can't," Ted shouted back at last. "The track is jammed."

Suddenly a gust of wind swung the boom. It held for a moment and then split in half. The sail exploded into ribbons of canvas.

"Now what?" Ted asked as he dropped soggly beside Bud at the tiller.

"Get the emergency kits out of the locker first," Bud ordered swallowing his fear as the boat plunged out of control. "Then start praying we'll be blown to shore."

Stuffing the kits inside their shirts, the boys huddled miserably in the bottom of the boat to ride out the storm. Darkness moved in, broken only by the lightning. Pushed by the wind and tide, the sailboat bucked and wallowed in the raging storm. A comber, larger than others, lifted the boat and its crew of two high in the surging seas.

"This is it," moaned Ted as he shut his eyes. The boat rode up and up on the breaker. It poised briefly on the crest and then plunged downward under tons of water.

Gasping and sputtering for air, the boys rolled under the breaker. Bud came up first and then Ted. They were tossed on shore next to the wrecked boat.

"Where are we?" Ted asked as he stared about him in bewilderment. A flash of lightning lit up the shore, revealing a lighthouse on the slope ahead of them.

"Why, it's Fog Island!" Bud cried. "There's the old abandoned lighthouse up on



the hill. This is a break," he continued excitedly. "At least we can get out of the storm."

The boys raced up the slope to the lighthouse which had been abandoned years ago when storms filled in the shipping channels near it. Once inside the building, the boys took the waterproofed matches out of their emergency kits, lighting them one at a time as they circled the small room.

"Look!" Bud exclaimed. "A lantern! And almost full too," he continued as he shook it and was rewarded by a gurgling sound. "Someone must have holed up here before."

"Someone has been here all right," Ted cried from the opposite corner of the room. "See what I've found."

Bud hurried over to his side with the lighted lantern. There in the corner was a pile of ashes from a fire, a stack of driftwood, and a crate. Bud yanked off the top of the crate and discovered cans of food. "Say this is all right," he said happily. "Boy! Some hot soup sure would hit the spot right now," he continued as he read the labels on the cans.

Ted was unusually quiet. "I don't like this, Bud," he said finally. "What would anyone be using a place like this for? I bet it's a hideout of some kind."

"Who cares," Bud answered carelessly as he began searching around the room for rocks to build a fireplace. "Now if we only had some paper to start the fire," he mused, looking around the lamp-lit room. "What's that over there, Ted?" he asked pointing to the door.

"It looks like a bundle of newspapers," Ted said as he walked over to the door.

"Well, bring the stuff here," Bud said impatiently.

Ted picked the bundle up. "There's something inside," he remarked suspiciously. "It feels lumpy."

"Here, give it to me," Bud said grabbing the bundle. It fell apart. A handful of bills dropped out. Astounded, the boys ripped the newspaper wrapping off. Stacks of small denominational bills tumbled out.

"Well, what do you know," Bud drawled cheerfully. "We must have stumbled on somebody's hidden treasure."

"Let me see those bills," Ted said. He brought one over to the lantern and studied it carefully. "You know what I think, Bud," he said finally, "This stuff is phony! I think we've discovered a counterfeiters' den."

"Well, no one will be coming back to Fog Island tonight to claim the stuff," Bud replied practically. "Tomorrow we can report what we found to the authorities."

"Fine," Ted said. "But how do you propose to get off the Island? Swim?"

"Gee, I forgot about the boat for a mo-

ment," Bud admitted. "We'll think of something," he continued boldly. "Now, how about that soup? I'll use the newspaper to build the fire."

Brushing back the ashes to clean a space, Bud discovered a ring embedded in the floor. He tugged it and a trapdoor lifted up.

"Hey, there's a basement down there," Bud yelled. "And a ladder. Give me the lantern. I'm going down."

Slowly he made his way down the rickety ladder. The light from the lantern cast an eerie glow around the chamber below. It was full of machinery! He called his find up to Ted.

"This place is full of stuff," Bud said breathlessly. "Hand presses, plates and ink. I think you're right," he continued. "This is counterfeiting outfit."

"Don't touch anything," Ted yelled. "The police will be looking for fingerprints," he added warningly.

The boys discussed their dilemma as they ate their meager meal. Suddenly Ted snapped his fingers. "I've got it!" he cried. "Morse code signals from the top of the lighthouse. We'll use the lantern and maybe the Coast Guard will pick it up."

\* \* \*

All through the night the boys flashed signals. At dawn the lantern went out. The boys walked out to the beach to look at their wrecked boat. They hardly noticed that the storm had abated. Each was thinking how much it would cost to repair the boat. Then the sound of a motor broke the stillness.

Apprehensively, the boys watched as a craft approached the Island. It was the Coast Guard cutter!

Bos'n Reeves jumped lightly on the beach as the boat landed. He greeted the boys warmly. "You know," he began, "I thought I was seeing things last night when I spotted your signals. Figured it was a trick or something. Then when you flashed 'White Sails,' I remembered your boat and thought I'd better investigate." He paused and then asked, "Now what's all this about counterfeiters?"

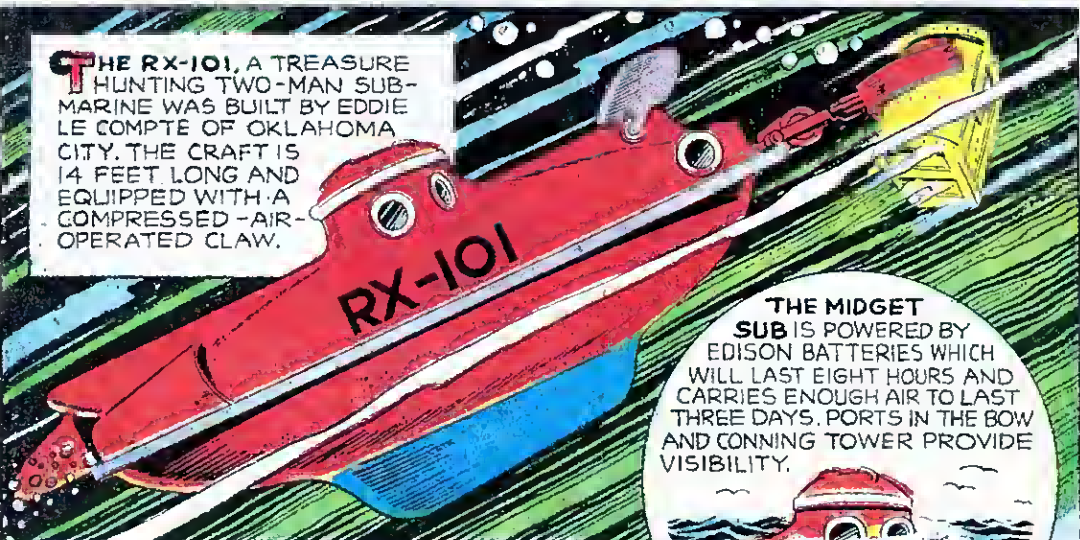
Excitedly the boys told him about the equipment they found and the money. "Well," the bos'n remarked after he heard them through, "You boys are in for a nice reward. The police know who the gang is but they didn't have the evidence to arrest them. With the stuff that you found, the ring can be broken up." He hesitated a moment and then added, "Since you're so smart about sending signals, suppose you send one to headquarters from the cutter and claim the reward. It will come in handy getting the 'White Sails' fixed up," he concluded.

"Aye, aye, sir!" the boys cried smartly.

The End

# TREASURE HUNTING SUB

**T**HE RX-101, A TREASURE HUNTING TWO-MAN SUBMARINE WAS BUILT BY EDDIE LE COMPTE OF OKLAHOMA CITY. THE CRAFT IS 14 FEET LONG AND EQUIPPED WITH A COMPRESSED-AIR-OPERATED CLAW.



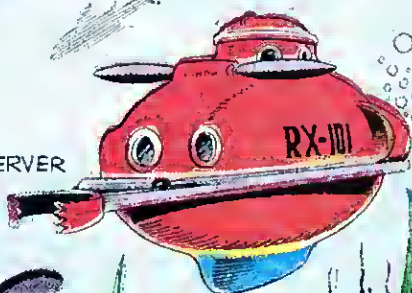
**THE MIDGET SUB** IS POWERED BY EDISON BATTERIES WHICH WILL LAST EIGHT HOURS AND CARRIES ENOUGH AIR TO LAST THREE DAYS. PORTS IN THE BOW AND CONNING TOWER PROVIDE VISIBILITY.



**THE CLAW** CAN HOLD AN OBJECT FOUR FEET THICK WITH A GRIPPING PRESSURE OF 3000 POUNDS. IT IS OPERATED FROM INSIDE THE SHIP.



PROPELLER MOTOR BATTERIES PILOT PRESSURE GAUGES LEVER OPERATES WATER FOILS FORWARD OBSERVER PRESSURE CYLINDERS CLAW RUBBER BLADDER 600 POUND LEAD KEEL GLASS FIBRE HULL 1 1/4 INCHES THICK STEEL DECK PLATE



**T**HE RX-101 CAN MOVE FREELY ABOUT THE OCEAN FLOOR AT A DEPTH OF 3000 FEET SUSTAINING A PRESSURE OF 1332 POUNDS PER SQUARE INCH.





# New Heavy Plastic DAVY CROCKETT TENT Play House

**\$1.00**  
complete

Bring all the thrills of the big top to your kiddies. Let them stage their own 3-ring spectacle in this giant DuPont plastic circus tent. Set it up in the room or yard. It's a full 10 feet around. Large enough for your kiddie to play in with his friends. Set it up in seconds. No tools required. Slips over any standard card table. It's sturdy, durable, washable, safe—flame-proof. Kiddies will get thrills of circus life and scream with delight as they lead their own shows in the dream world of the circus. Rush your order. Supplies are limited.

**LARGE  
ENOUGH FOR 2 KIDS  
SETS UP IN A JIFFY  
NO TOOLS NEEDED**



**AN  
IDEAL GIFT**

Now your favorite kiddie anywhere can be happy with a gift of this giant circus tent playhouse.

## STURDILY BUILT OF DU PONT DURABLE PLASTIC

No matter how rough the kiddies abuse this heavy plastic giant circus tent playhouse it will withstand their vicious attacks. Makers realizing how rough kiddies can be have used extra heavy plastic to ensure long, long wear. It has already been hailed by parents as a wonderful plaything creation. Your kiddies will enjoy it too. Order yours today.

## 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Order your giant circus tent playhouse at our risk. Set it up and let the kiddies play with it. If not delighted return in 10 days for full refund of the purchase price. Supplies are limited. Price is \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage, packing and handling. Only 3 to a customer. Rush coupon now before this offer is withdrawn.



**COMPIX, Dept. A.4  
10 Murray St., New York 7, N. Y.**

Send your newly created, colorful, complete giant circus tent at once. It is understood IF I am not delighted after 10 day trial I will return for full refund of the purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$1.00 plus 25¢ for each giant circus tent ordered.

☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman on arrival.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY  STATE

# THE AVENGER

THE INSIDIOUS STRUGGLE OF ENEMY AGENTS TO UNDERMINE MORALE AND MEN'S REPUTATIONS IS A "WAR" THAT THE UNITED STATES FIGHTS DAILY... WHEN LOYAL SCIENCE REPORTER, ROY FARMER, IS DRAGGED INTO THAT "WAR" BY UNSCRUPULOUS RED SPIES, THE AVENGER FINDS HIMSELF FACING SMASHING DEFEAT. FOR HE HAS NO WAY OF PROVING THE INNOCENCE OF—

## THE MAN WHO PLAYED SPY

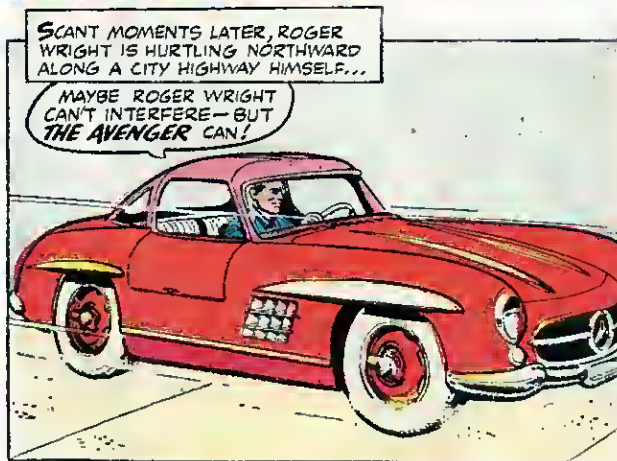
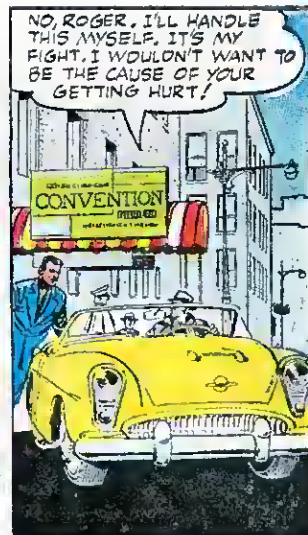
ROY FARMER IS A RED SPY, AVENGER! I CAN PROVE IT!

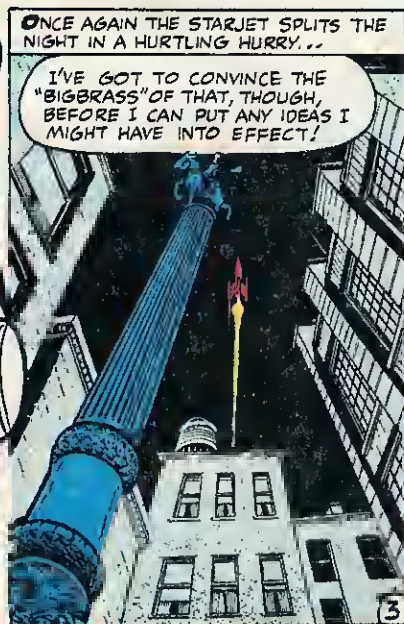
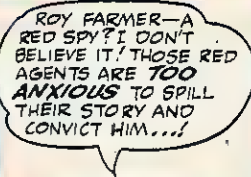
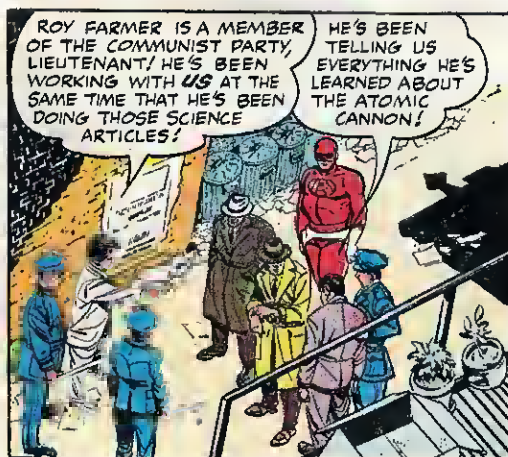
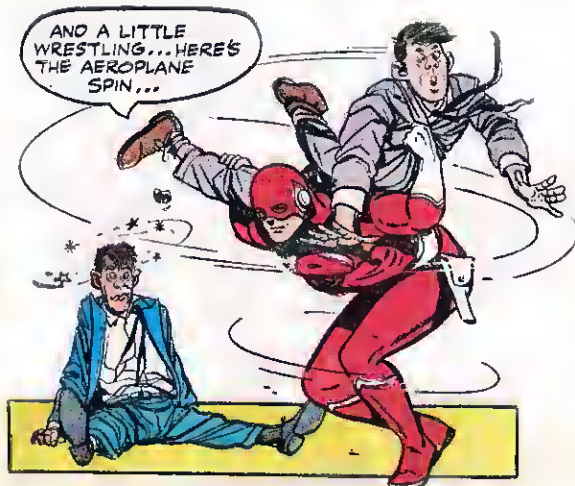
BRILLIANT SCIENTIFIC BRAINS GATHER AT THE ANNUAL SCIENCE EXHIBIT, TO STUDY CONTEMPLATED ROCKET SHIPS AND A SPACE STATION—

AMONG THE GUESTS IS SCIENCE NEWS REPORTER ROY FARMER AND HIS GOOD FRIEND ROGER WRIGHT—

MESSAGE FOR YOU, MR. FARMER!









NEXT MORNING, AT A SPECIAL MEETING OF LOCAL POLICE AND THE F.B.I. MEN-

YOU'VE CONVINCED US, **AVENGER!**

FROM WHAT YOU SAY, THE REDS **WANT** US TO SUSPECT ROY FARMER!



EXACTLY! THAT'S HOW THEY OPERATE. BY ACCUSING INNOCENT PEOPLE, THEY SOW DISCORD AND DISSEN- SION. BUT MAYBE WE CAN MAKE THOSE UNDERHANDED METHODS OF THEIRS **BOOMERANG** ON THEM...



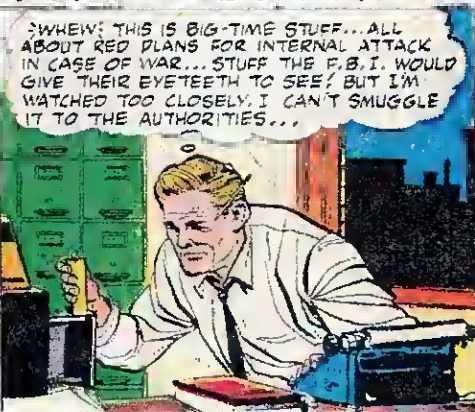
SOME NIGHTS LATER, AT A SMALL TAVERN SOMEWHERE OFF THE MAIN THOROUGHFARES OF EMPIRE CITY—

FARMER, I HEAR YOU'RE DISGUSTED WITH THE TREAT- MENT YOU'VE GOTTEN FROM THE POLICE!

RIGHT, I AM! I'VE AS GOOD AS BEEN CON- VICTED WITHOUT TRIAL. I'VE LOST MY JOB. I CAN'T GET WORK. AND FOR WHAT?



AND SO ROY FARMER GOES TO WORK FOR THE REDS. SOME WEEKS LATER, AS HE IS COMPLETING AN ARTICLE FOR NEWSPAPER SYNDICATION ON A FREE LANCE BASIS—



OWHEE! THIS IS BIG-TIME STUFF... ALL ABOUT RED PLANS FOR INTERNAL ATTACK IN CASE OF WAR... STUFF THE F.B.I. WOULD GIVE THEIR EYETEETH TO SEE! BUT I'M WATCHED TOO CLOSELY. I CAN'T SMUGGLE IT TO THE AUTHORITIES...

YOU WANT TO MAKE REAL **GOOD** MONEY? WORK FOR US, FOR THE PARTY! WRITE ARTICLES ABOUT US—PROPAGANDA STUFF! APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC SYMPATHY. A GOOD WRITER LIKE YOU CAN WIN US FRIENDS!

YOU'VE MADE A DEAL. I'M YOURS BOY!



THIS MINIATURE SENDING SET HE GAVE ME WILL ALARM THE **AVENGER**. HE CAN COME HERE AND GET THE INFORMATION! NOBODY BUT THE **AVENGER** AND I KNOW I'M WORKING WITH HIM ON THIS!



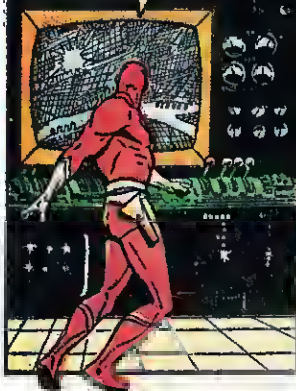
WUP!

YOU DID WELL, ROY FARMER. NOW THE **AVENGER** WILL COME AND WE CAN TRAP HIM TOO!



IN HIS LABORATORY, THE AVENGER PICKS UP THE SIGNALS SENT ON A SPECIAL SHORT WAVE BEAM...

ROY HAS STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING! HE'S RELAYING WORD TO ME AS WE AGREED!



I'M COMING, ROY! IN A LITTLE WHILE, WE'LL VINDICATE YOU BEFORE THE WHOLE WORLD!



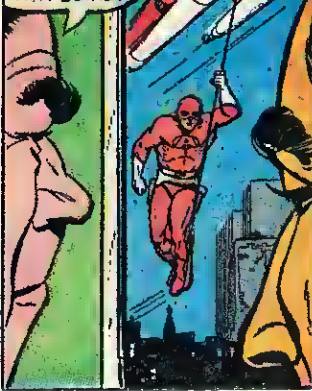
BUT ROY FARMER WILL SHORTLY HAVE NO INTEREST IN ANYTHING...

AFTER I CLOSE THE DOOR ON YOU, THAT ROOM WILL FILL WITH WATER! UNABLE TO ESCAPE, YOU'LL BE FINISHED FOR GOOD!



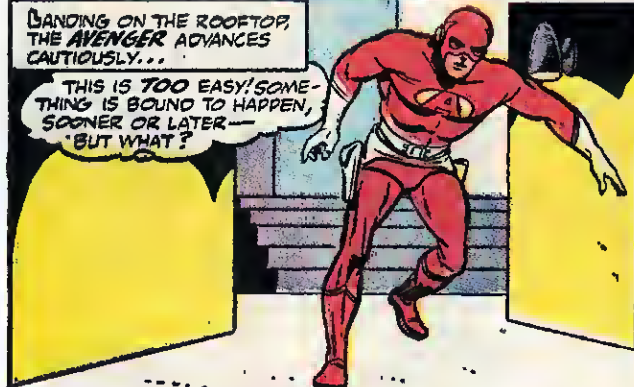
SOMEWHAT LATER, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE BUILDING...

HERE COMES THE AVENGER NOW, WELL, EVERYTHING IS IN READY-NESS FOR HIM! LET HIM COME!



BANDING ON THE ROOFTOP, THE AVENGER ADVANCES CAUTIOUSLY...

THIS IS TOO EASY! SOMETHING IS BOUND TO HAPPEN, SOONER OR LATER— BUT WHAT?



I'M CAUGHT TIGHT!

HE LANDS LIGHTLY IN A STEEL MESH HAMMOCK THAT HANGS IN A BIG CELLAR ROOM—



SUDDENLY THE FLOOR GOES OUT FROM UNDER HIS FEET—

I'VE FOUND THEIR TRICK— A TRAPDOOR! BUT I FOUND IT TOO LATE!





SLOWLY THE STEEL MESH LOWERS BY CHAINS TOWARD THE MAN MADE LIGHTNING GENERATORS. BLUISH LIGHTNING BOLTS SEAR THE AIR...

WHEN THAT LIGHTNING HITS THIS STEEL MESH—IT'S GOODBYE, ME!



AS HIS HAND BRINGS OUT A COPPER COIN FROM A POCKET, THE AVENGER TENSES HIMSELF, THEN HURLES THE PENNY—

I'VE GOT ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION TO GET OUT OF THIS— BUT HERE GOES!



THE COPPER PENNY ARCHES THROUGH THE AIR—AND MAKES SPARKING CONTACT! A SHOWER OF BLUE SPARKS SIGNALS A SHORT-CIRCUIT!

THAT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO FREE MYSELF!



THERE! NOW TO FIND ROY FARMER!



THE SAME SHORT-CIRCUIT THAT SAVES THE AVENGER, ALSO SAVES HIS GOOD FRIEND!

THE WATER'S STOPPED RISING! I'M SAFE!



SEARCHING THROUGH THE BUILDING THE AVENGER HEARS ROY CRY OUT—

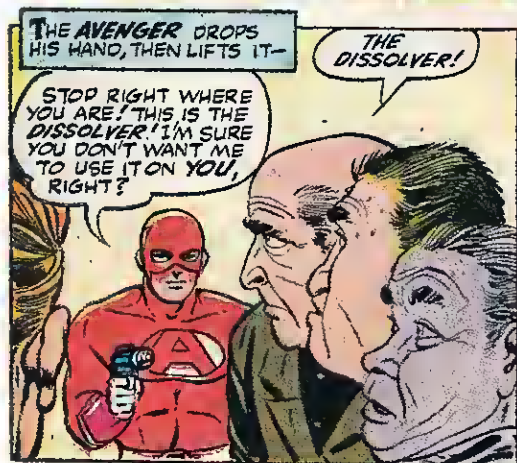
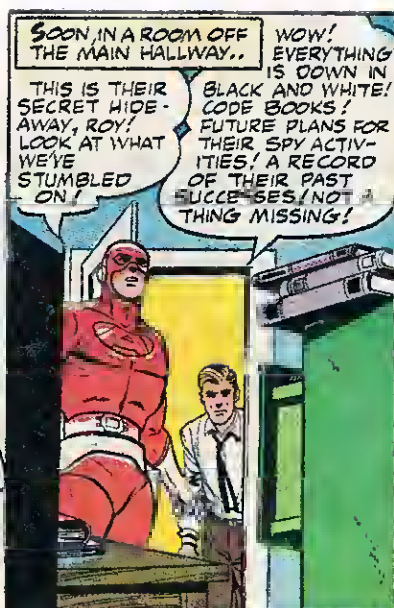
AVENGER? CAN YOU HEAR ME? IS IT YOU OUT THERE?



LOOKS LIKE I GOT TO YOU JUST IN TIME!

WHAT ABOUT THE REDS? CAN WE DO ANYTHING ABOUT THEM?

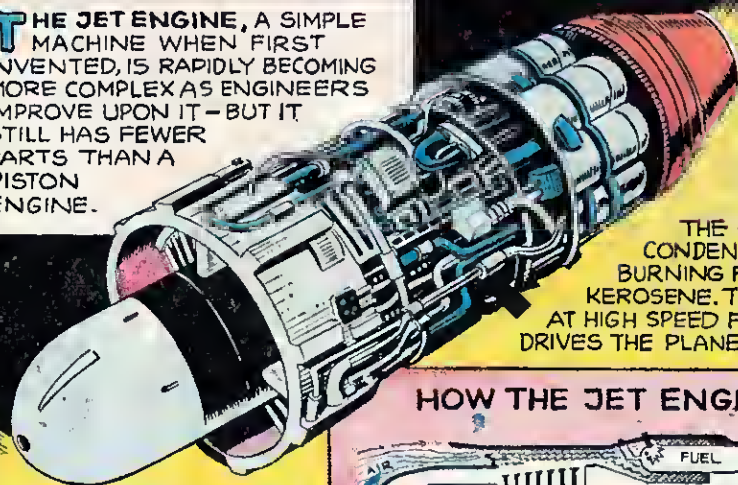






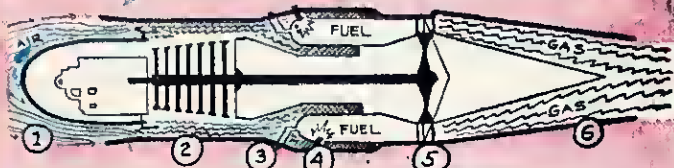
# THE JET ENGINE

**T**HE JET ENGINE, A SIMPLE MACHINE WHEN FIRST INVENTED, IS RAPIDLY BECOMING MORE COMPLEX AS ENGINEERS IMPROVE UPON IT—BUT IT STILL HAS FEWER PARTS THAN A PISTON ENGINE.



THE ONLY MOVING PARTS INSIDE THE JET ENGINE ARE A TURBINE WHEEL AND A COMPRESSOR. AIR, SUCKED INTO THE FRONT OF THE ENGINE, TURNS THE TURBINE WHEEL AND THE COMPRESSOR WHICH CONDENSES THE AIR INTO THE BURNING FUEL WHICH IS OFTEN KEROSENE. THE FIERY GAS, RUSHING AT HIGH SPEED FROM THE TAIL PIPE DRIVES THE PLANE OR ROCKET FORWARD.

## HOW THE JET ENGINE OPERATES



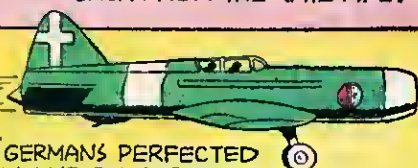
- ① AIR FLOWS INTO THE JET ENGINE
- ② THE AIR IS COMPRESSED
- ③ FUEL FLOWS INTO THE ENGINE
- ④ SPARK PLUG IGNITES FUEL
- ⑤ GAS FROM THE BURNING FUEL TURNS THE TURBINE WHICH REVOLVES THE COMPRESSOR ②
- ⑥ SUPER HEATED GAS SHOOTS BACK FROM THE TAIL PIPE.

PROFESSOR ROBERT GODDARD BEGAN EXPERIMENTING WITH CRUDE ROCKET MOTORS IN 1909 IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT WAS NOT UNTIL TWENTY YEARS LATER ON JULY 17, 1929. THE FLIGHT LASTED ONLY 18½ SECONDS AND THE ROCKET WENT 90 FEET INTO THE AIR FOR A DISTANCE OF 171 FEET.



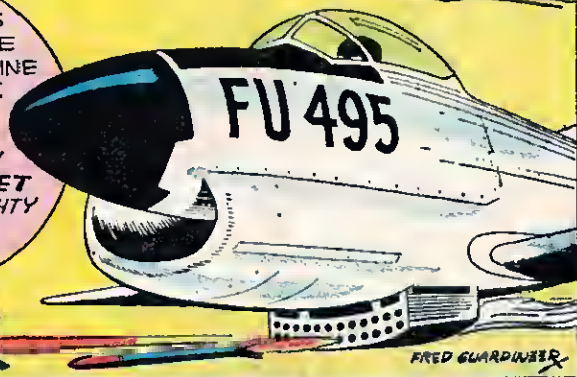
THE FIRST JET PROPELLERLESS PLANE FLIGHT WAS MADE BY THE ITALIAN, CAMPRINI IN 1938. THE GERMANS PERFECTED THE ITALIAN INVENTION AND BY THE END OF WORLD WAR II WERE ATTACKING WITH THE 530 M.P.H. HEINKEL 162 AND THE 590 M.P.H. ME 162.



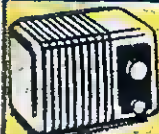
BY 1944 THE GERMAN V-2, 12 TON, JET ENGINE ROCKETS WERE BOMBING LONDON 250 MILES AWAY!



THE UNITED STATES NOW LEADS THE WORLD IN JET ENGINE PLANE DEVELOPMENT. ONE OF MANY TYPES IS THE NORTH AMERICAN F-86D SABRE JET ARMED WITH MIGHTY MOUSE ROCKETS.



FRED GUARDINER



RADIO



ROY ROGERS  
FLASH CAMERA



ROY ROGERS  
BINOCULARS



BOBBY HAYES  
FISHING KIT



BOBBY HAYES  
POCKET WATCH



GIRLS' SHOULDER  
STRAP BAG



SPORTS  
EQUIPMENT

ROLLER  
SKATES



JET ENGINE  
PLANE FLIES  
500 FEET!



WALKING  
DOLL

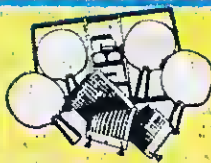
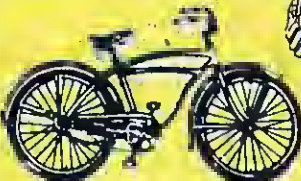


TABLE TENNIS SET



SEWING MACHINE



BOYS OR GIRLS  
BICYCLE



TYPEWRITER



WHITE ZIPPER  
BIBLE



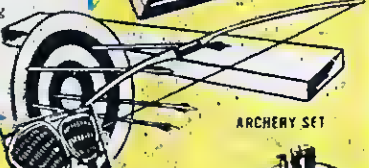
CHEMISTRY SET



RADIO RECEIVING  
SET FOR SCOUTS



WOODBURNING SET



ARCHERY SET



VANITY SET



PRESSURE  
COOKER



JEWELRY  
SET



UKULELE  
WITH ARTHUR  
GODFREY PLAYER

MEN-WOMEN-BOYS-GIRLS

# PRIZES GIVEN

## MAKE MONEY TOO!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page... or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others... all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c... sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions or many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE!

### SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!

### HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size richly decorated Mottos On 15 Days TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. HURRY, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE!

### FREE Membership in FUNman's Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mottoes and send payment within 16 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—PLUS many extra surprises!

### The FUNman, Dept. A-115, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill. FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG

Please rush to me on 15 days credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 15 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

STREET or RFD \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

### SEND NO MONEY!... We Trust You!

The FUNman, Dept. A 115, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois



**You Can WIN**  
This 15" tall  
**SILVER TROPHY**  
JUST AS I DID IN  
**10 MINUTES**  
OF FUN  
A DAY!



**I GAINED**  
**53 LBS. OF SHAPELY**  
**POWER-PACKED**  
**MUSCLES!**

Which of these

**2 ME'S**  
**is YOU?**

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-ARMED **SISSY** below  
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE  
**YOUR LAST**  
**CHANCE**  
TO GET FOR  
**ALL 5 10¢**  
PICTURE  
PACKED COURSES  
MILLIONS HAVE  
BEEN SOLD FOR  
**\$1 AND MORE**

When I enrolled I was  
a skinny, sick weak-  
ling. As you can see  
in my "Before" Photo I  
looked like a child...  
years younger than my  
age. I was ashamed to  
take a picture in bath-  
ing trunks as I do now.  
I was shy with girls  
because I had nothing  
to show off. A few  
weeks after starting  
the Jovett Course my  
body was the best in  
the neighborhood. Now  
I get respect and ad-  
miration from every  
fellow and girl I meet.

*Roger D. Hirsch*  
NEW YORK

There's that  
skinny scarecrow  
**ROGER**. Let's  
pass him by!



**ROGER HIRSCH**  
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.  
Look at him NOW—  
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN  
from Head to Toe

**as YOU**  
**can be**  
**soon!**

**Come on, PAL, NOW**  
**YOU GIVE ME**

**10** PLEASANT MINUTES A  
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE  
**YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY**  
For Your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest  
Builder of HE-MEN

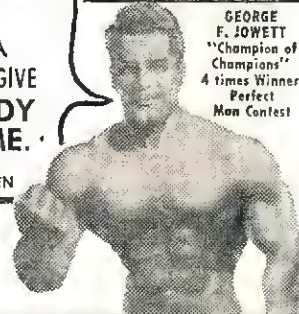
**NO!** I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're  
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're  
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST  
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER  
by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck  
to a Champion of Champions.

**NO!** friend you  
don't have to be  
**SKINNY** any more  
just mail **NOW**  
the **FREE**  
coupon below  
as I did. Soon  
**YOU** can add

**6 1/2 inches** to your **CHEST**  
**3 inches** to each **ARM**  
and the rest  
in proportion  
just as I did.



**GEORGE F. JOWETT**  
"Champion of  
Champions"  
4 times Winner  
Perfect  
Man Contest



**YES!** You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to  
YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND  
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY,  
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American  
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't  
cost you one solitary cent.

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES**  
**Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way  
known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my  
"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways  
fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like  
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail  
coupon NOW!

**BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!**

**1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN**  
**2. MUSCLE METER**

Dept. ME51

"J. Jovett Courses  
greatest in  
World for  
Building  
All-around  
HE-MEN"  
—R. F. Kelley  
Physical  
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING  
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Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jovett's Photo Book of  
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Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a  
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build  
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One  
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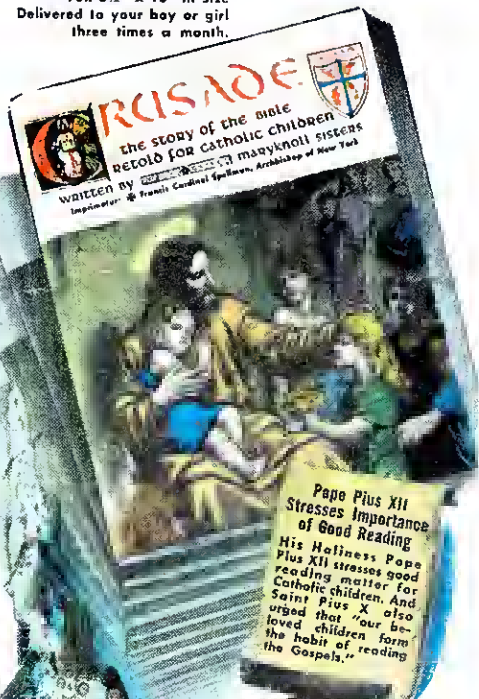
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Driven from the  
Garden  
Tower of Babel  
Joseph Sold by His  
Brethren  
Moses Crosses  
Red Sea  
Moses Receives the  
10 Commandments  
The Walls of Jericho  
Tumble Down

The Angel Appears  
to Josue  
David Becomes  
King  
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Cana  
Jesus Drives Money  
Lenders from the  
Temple  
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Loaves and Fishes  
The Parables of  
Jesus  
Jesus Walks on  
Water at Galilee  
The Good Samaritan  
The Prodigal Son

Jesus Blesses  
the Children  
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